Towzers Advice
TO THE
SCRIBLERS,
Forbiding them to come near his Kennel, upon pain of being Torn in pieces.

A very silly ptict on Mr. L'Estrange. 2 March. 1680

YOu Bold, Saucy, Impertinent, Audacious Currs, that have Braved it in my Absence, now look to your selves, lurk close in your Kennels, be not so impudent as once to lurk out, or at least be not so Fool-hardy as to appear in publick, for now *Towzer* is come home again, and you shall no sooner stir out of your lurking holes, but I will be Bating you, and tare out your very Throat: Nay, I will shake you into Hell, for Purgatory is too good for such Heretick Doggs; you have been in my absence perpetual Barkers at my Just-Ass-ship, because you thought I was safe enough, and too far off to hurt you; but now my Worship's come home again, I am resolved to Worry you so as never Whelps were Worried: what do ye think, I that had courage to Worry City and Country, and all the Loyal Subjects in the Kingdom, nay, and bid defiance to the Parliament it self, will be disturbed by such a company of little whibling Currs as you silly Scriblers are; or do you think my being Chained up so long hath tamed me, If you do, I assure you, you will find your selves mistaken, for I am trusty *Roger* still: nay, I am by that means grown more fierce and Curst then ever; my being Chained so long, hath had no other effect upon me, than the stopping the currant of a River, when the Dam is broken down, it runs with the greater violence and force: You have made a great noise about my being a Papist, but I will make you to know, I am as good a Churchman as ever went to Auricular Confession, and as good a Protestant as the King of *Spain*, and I will assure you, I have as generous designs to promote the Protestant Religion, as any *Pater Noster* maker of them all; and I question not, but my designs will answer my industry and expectation, if things fall out to my mind. I must confess, I was once mistaken in my Measures, when I thought to have quieted the Parliament with a Crust, and bribed them with a Bone, and by waging my Tayl at them, and fawning on them, have sweetly wheedled them by the empty shaddow of a just Assembly, to have thought well of me, or at least to have let me lye quiet and undisturbed in my Kennel; and if I am taking wrong measures now, I cannot help it. But hang't, I am resolv'd to do my uttermost to promote the Catholick Cause, by pretending to be against it, whereby I hope in time to obtain my desire, and make a Holyday to see *Oates* and his Gang *Godfred* or Tyburned: But these Plaguy Scriblers hunt me so close, they will find me out in all my Disguises, but I hope this disguise will do me some good, by daunting their courage, or if not then, I will wish, Oh that I had but power to hang my Padlock upon the Press once more, and then, Oh how I would tickle them; but since I cannot Plague them that way, if they will be such imperious Currs, to make my old Servant the Press continually Bark and Yelp at me; and if you Cits the Booksellers will be so Silly and impudent, as to defile your Shops, and nausty your Counters, with those scurrilous durty Pamphlets, I swear by Saint *Coleman*, I will speedily come with my Broom and sweep them clean again, and when the worst comes to the worst, I can serve you the same slippery trick I did before, that is, slip the Halter, and run away like a Sheepbiter.

From the Pallace of my Just-Ass-ship in Masquerade Row, this 20 day of February, 1680.

Towzer many shapes.

*EB65. A100. 681t3

Towzers Confession.

Good People hearken to my mournful Ditty,
Which now will be wellcome to your Citty;
Of Strangle, *I'm become Recanting* Towzer,
Though 'tis well known I formerly was Bowzer.
Had I foreseen the Crossness of these times,
The world should ne're have known of half my Crimes,
But all the Nation should have Sworn for me,
That I was a true Protestant Strangle.

To honest Noll *I was a dexterous Blade,*
At my Bumfidle I had learnt my Trade,
And had such Art, as need not bate a jot
Of knowing well the Presbyterian *Trot:*
On this same Fidle, I have plaid full smart,
The praises of the Rump *have Sung with Art,*
And if this be not true, then let me be,
Upon three Corner'd Tyburn *hang'd* Strangle.

I have been Airy to Confess my Sin,
And like the Wind inconstant too have been;
The times did turn my Weather-Cock about,
And since that time I have appeared stout,
And some good Friends, did therefore me prefer,
Unto the Office of a Licenser;
And in that Office, you might often see,
Quovedo's *Visions, Licensed* Strangle.

I have a Just-Ass *been, and though my Head*
Was thought a Sea of Wit, (wherewith I made
A model of T. O's *Narration, for*
To sham the Plot, and make it Presbyter.)
I own'd the Plot, and yet I own'd it not,
I have been Ambo dexter, *and have got*
A double face, and so it comes to be
Good people, that I face about Strangle.

Upon my Faith I've seen a change or two,
But Strange *it is without the least ado;*
I have as often chang'd, and now I take
My Fiddle once again, thereon to make
A Tryal, if I can play Romes *delight,*
And troth with ease, I've hit upon it right;
And so for the quickness of my Wit in Fee,
I am become Romes *Fidler and* Strangle.

I'm lanched out, but if I lanch too far,
I'm sure to meet the sturdy Rogue Van Carr,
Who'l paper me with Bullets, till I look
Just like a Ghost, and Voyage under Took
Shall be quite spoyl'd, and all her Lading drown'd,
If my distressed Ship be run aground;
And though for help I fire a Gun, I see
If taken, I shall be well hang'd Strangle.

It vexes me toth' heart, I cannot use
True English *Colours, that I might amuse*
These Rake-hell Raskals, and it grieves me sore,
I cannot have the advantage any more,
To gull the Vulgar, with the Cheating Cant
Of a true Church of England *Protestant:*
For Oates *and* Prance, *those Tell-tale fellows be,*
The Rogues, that by the Mass *unvail'd* Strangle.

And now to see the pains and toyl I take,
To keep the Hempen Collar *from my* Neck,
By such wayes which may make me Ketches *Guest,*
In Earnest *Gentlemen's a pretty Jest,*
And would provoake great Laughter, and I trust
From thence, would be Ridens Heraclitus,
Blessing himself by th' Broomstick, for to see
The folly of my Coxcomb work Strangle.

But now I talk of Jests, I think 'twould be
A pretty Jest, if I would let folks see
My Worship walk abroad, when Parliament
Is looking after such a Jack a Lent
As Mr. Towzer, *and not sculk and run,*
As if I would even fly into a Gun,
Or else with Tayle 'twixt Leggs, and yeelping flee
Into Albanias *Cliffs, and lurk* Strangle.

But in good Earnest *Gentlemen, I shall*
Be careful how I to such Jesting fall,
Therefore good Sirs, expect no real Jest,
Until at Tyburn *you behold my Crest,*
For I do purpose for to keep from thence,
And to avoid so sad a future Tense;
Though in my Conscience, I must needs say this,
I do well merit, and deserve

FUNIS.

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